

Dearest Family

Greetings and joy from your prodigal son. The thought that I will be home in a week fills me with joy. Some days I can hardly wait. But I've fixed my mind on leaving soon after Thanksgiving, and that's when it will be. But that is only a month away, and something I can begin planning on now. I think I will be bringing back the Padilla family with me. It is a horrible thought, 1800 miles with them. But they can help with the driving and pay the entire expense of the trip. Of course we will go on to Delano but I always look forward to that first night in California with you. And in addition to seeing you, I would like to see hisa that night too. But it may be asking too much. It would mean putting up Mrs. Padilla and ~~the~~ children (one 15 yr. old boy and all the rest girls except for a very young boy). The ages are 3 (girl), 4 (boy), 6 (girl) 9 (girl) 15 (boy) and 16 (girl). And Gil might come too, another problem since Dolores doesn't sleep with him. They may want to go straight to Delano, and you might not want to face such a mess, but consider it and warn me of your decision. If you decide "yes", plan to put them on the floor and double up or triple up the kids. There used to be. There was one single and one $1\frac{1}{2}$ size mattress for the entire family when

they lived in the office for 3 weeks during the flood.
I wouldn't even suggest this except that I know
already -- after 1800 miles of driving with them,
Claremont is going to seem luxuriously inviting,
and I would really hate to drive by without
stopping.

I have begun to spend some of my hurricane
money, and again, much thanks. We have new
curtains and new paint. Only the floors need
fixing now. And I have dug out all my
best posters for the walls, which are really
looking great. It is the most pleasantly fixed
up house I have ever lived in. I also spent
some one wonderful beach trip to Padre.

Six of us went. The swimming was warm and
beautiful and the shells were fantastic. Then
we bought a mess of shrimp and drove back
to Rio Grande and cooked them and turned on
for the feast and an evening of Indian Rags
and Jefferson Airplane and Sgt Pepper

Ginny, Your A.F.T. sounds great. "A poor
Professor is a poor professor" Ho Ho Jolly good.
Teachers are organizing all over the country, except
Texas.

Enclosed is the new Malaicado, with some
very good stuff in it if you can figure it out.

P.S. More Archives on their way.
Be sure that they are in a safe dry
rat free place, if you moved them.

love to you all
S...
D...

Dear Family —

What a joyous generous gift greeted me when I went to the Valley the other day. It is still unopened, but will be used to fix the record player and get some kind of covers for the records first. And the main trip I am contemplating with it is home.

I'm funny that you should mention Sidney, but she's been on my mind off & on all summer. This is the "Whitewing" area that Carter used to hunt in and I was planning on encouraging her to come alone if he came down this September to shoot doves. As usual, I never wrote. The dove season was the two weeks before Beulah. How lucky they didn't come. But I still must write. I would love to take a gulf coast swing, see Mobile and then hit Florida! There will be a big new drive in Florida this winter. And I would love to see the Hagens. But do you realize that Mobile is almost 1000 miles from here? Mexico City is closer!

The desert flowers were beautiful, though I was sorry to hear the news about aethal Dr. It must have been very beautiful.

I'm going through a very lonely stage, due to total lack of privacy and total lack of good friends. I'm very sorry David didn't come back. My house is about the size of our living room and dining room combined. I have 4 small rooms, a primitive bathroom,

(indoor plumbing and a dripping pipe as a shower). But it's mine, private, nice. Well, David moved in last week and we are quite compatible, so only minor problems, though I really do like privacy (the trouble with the house in Pharr was it was too lonely). When I got back from California, Al Padilla moved in, a young "radical" from Chicago who babbles continuously about nothing, or in cliches and truisms, with an obnoxious laugh and a habit of ending every sentence with a questioning "Right?" or "Know what I mean?". I have a psychological urge to answer him, especially since I usually disagree ~~other~~ with what he says, but it really isn't usually worth an answer. I guess my main gripe is he stole my privacy. We really aren't especially compatible, but whenever I go anywhere he tags along.

Then Tommy Padilla moved in. The Padillas are all cooped up in the office, so I invited him to sleep on the couch (Al has the folding cot). Tommy is 15, is quiet and no trouble. And 3 to 5 of his friends hang around a lot too, but they are also quiet, and I really have no complaint against them.

But then desperate Mrs. Padilla decided that if Tommy could live here, she could at least cook here. I didn't want to tell her No. She had been trapped in that 2 room office for two weeks with those 7 kids, 3 yrs, 4 yrs, 7 yrs, 9 yrs, plus Tommy, Martha, and Becky, all

3/
teenagers. Beely got so desperate that at the height of the flood she got married. She's 17, he's 18. After a quick fight, the families gave their blessings.
Well, Mrs. Padilla arrives at 9 each morning with her 5 kids (Tommy's already here). Tommy's three friends show up about that time as Mrs. P. begins breakfast and the kids begin taking showers. There is not enough pressure to take a shower and wash dishes, so the person in the shower is constantly yelling at whoever has turned on the kitchen tap. The smallest kids are all screamers anyway, and begin shrieking as soon as they arrive. It rained the last two days so they had to stay inside. At about 10, Senora Beely arrives with 2 to 4 girlfriends who converse and cackle loudly in Spanish as Mrs. P. makes them breakfast. The record player (the little one Robin gave me, which came through undamaged) plays the records that the Padillas have, over and over -- sentimental or polka style Spanish hit parade -- awful. They leave about noon -- all but Tommy & his friends and Al. There are a few hours of relative quiet. The People's Army attacks again about 4 to 6. When I leave for relief, Al sees me going and says "Where are you going? I'll go with you!!!!"

On top of this, the hurricane has (called) all hope of any big drive this winter. Over 80% of the winter crops (mostly citrus) were ruined, so

there will be very little work and tremendous
unemployment. A huge over surplus of labor. Wages
will decline. When the 13,000 refugees from Camargo
were here, people were hiring them for 50¢ a day,
an 8 hour day for clean up work, at gas stations.
And they took the jobs, fought over them. Partly
to kill the boredom after a week in the school
gymnasium, partly for a little cash, since the
Red Cross couldn't provide everything (for once
I really appreciate the Red Cross, though. In
spite of chaos and occasional stinginess, they
were wonderful). I think Padilla wants to pull
out too. I'm very torn, wanting to go, wanting to
stay. Well see.

My love to Robin and Bonny

and write when you can. I love your
letters

D. III

P. S. Lisa Lee is at Scripps. I had kind of
broken with her, since I didn't like the scene at
her parents and felt I should give her time to
grow up a little. But I just got a nice letter
from her. Why don't you invite her over for
dinner, or to a play or something. You
met her in Sacramento, Coogee. I'll write to
her too.

* They badly chopped up my article in Liberation, but
I'm pleased they printed it.